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THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1907.

Prohibition in Alabama.

That the prohibition movement in the  
South is well founded in public sentiment  
would seem to be the lesson of the elec-  
tion which has just made the Alabama  
county in which Birmingham is located  
"dry" by a majority of approximately  
350. Although the antiprohibitionists  
claimed the city of Birmingham proper  
by 92 votes, Greater Birmingham went  
dry, showing a preponderance of probi-  
tion sentiment in the suburban or home  
districts. It is noticeable, too, that the  
anti-carried only about one out of every  
four voting precincts.

"The greatest labor city in the South,"  
says the Birmingham Age-Herald, "has  
decided to try prohibition, and upon the  
experiment will depend the success of  
the movement." The Age-Herald, which  
has opposed prohibition, concedes that  
the result in Jefferson County means  
State prohibition in Alabama, and pos-  
sibly in other Southern States. It will  
be a serious matter financially for Bir-  
mingham. Its income from liquor licenses  
is about \$120,000 annually, and the loss of  
revenue from this source will have to be  
made up by an increase in taxation. But  
the people of Birmingham are trying to  
make the best of it, as they did in At-  
lanta, and the Age-Herald urges every-  
body to get together in upholding the  
authorities in carrying out the new order  
of things.

As the success of prohibition lies in  
enforcement of the law, the Age-Herald  
urges that Birmingham adopt the com-  
mission plan of government, as more ef-  
fective than the present one, so that one  
revolution may lead to another. It will  
undoubtedly require a municipal govern-  
ment of a somewhat different order from  
those we have yet produced in this coun-  
try to utterly wipe out the liquor traffic  
in a manufacturing city like Birming-  
ham.

Speaking of "a rich men's conspiracy."

how about the one that saved the day  
in Wall Street recently.

National Incorporation of Railroads.

Senator Newlands, of Nevada, in an ad-  
dress before the University Club the  
other night, urged that a conference be  
held in the near future of the various  
interests connected with transportation,  
for the purpose of offering suggestions  
to Congress as to needed legislation in  
solution of the transportation problem.  
The Nevada Senator thought that such  
a conference would astonish the country  
by revealing how few are the points of  
difference between transportation man-  
agers on the one side and the public on  
the other. He expressed his belief in  
constructive rather than retaliatory or  
punitive legislation, and declared that a  
"system of transportation could be easily  
devised which would enlist the best pow-  
ers of the national government without  
infringing on the powers of the States—  
one which would protect the railway in-  
vestors, the railway employees, the ship-  
pers, and the public in all their legiti-  
mate powers." He defended railway con-  
solidation, as well as Federal supervision  
of capitalization, profits, and rates as an  
essential to unity of control.

Though a Democrat and a believer in  
the preservation of the constitutional  
rights of the States, Senator Newlands  
has long been a strong advocate of the  
extension of Federal control over na-  
tional railway systems, and it is the  
Federal power that he would use in es-  
tablishing the system of transportation,  
to which he referred in his University  
Club address. Nearly two years ago, Mr.  
Newlands proposed the national incor-  
poration of railroads in an exhaustive  
speech delivered in the Senate, his pro-  
posal being essentially the same as that  
which President Roosevelt has been ad-  
vocating in his recent addresses. One  
great advantage of the national incor-  
poration plan, as presented by Mr. New-  
lands, is that it affords a method of  
guarding against overcapitalization, for  
a national charter could forbid the issue  
of bonds or stock except for full value  
in money or property, or without the ap-  
proval of the Interstate Commerce Com-  
mission. Mr. Newlands, however, would  
go farther than this in Federal regulation.  
His views were thus summarized in his  
Senate speech of April 4, 1906:

"I believe that in legislation upon the subject  
of interstate commerce we should, in the first place,  
create the great carrying corporations that operate  
between States. We should then provide against  
overcapitalization. We should provide for a simple  
system of taxation by the States that would be  
mathematically certain in its operation, and we  
should fix a definite return to the stockholders upon  
the capital invested. We should also take into con-  
sideration the relations of the employees to those  
corporations. We should provide for an insurance  
fund against accidents and old age, and we should  
also provide for a consolidation of disputes between  
carriers and their employees. We should frankly  
recognize the economic necessity of consolidation  
and elimination and the monopolistic character of  
the business, and regulate all with a proper regard  
for the interests of the public served by it, the  
property rights of the capital employed in it, and  
the human rights of the labor employed in it."

Like Mr. Roosevelt, Senator Newlands  
regards State railroad legislation as lax  
and inadequate, and he is no more in  
doubt than the President of the consti-  
tutional power of Congress to pass a na-  
tional incorporation law. The reason  
why railroad corporations have been  
created by the States, he observed in the  
speech from which we have just quoted,  
is that in the first place the commerce  
intended to be served by them was

wholly within State boundaries; but now  
that great systems of national highways  
traverse a continent, crossing the bound-  
aries of a dozen or more States, the  
mechanism of State regulation has  
broken down. It is a source of weakness  
in national legislation, in Mr. Newland's  
judgment, that it did not at the outset  
undertake the incorporation of railroads.  
As three-fourths of the commerce of the  
country is interstate, it is clear, to the  
Senator from Nevada, that we ought to  
have national machinery for the trans-  
action of this commerce and national  
machinery for its regulation. Those who  
are interested in the wider aspects of the  
railroad problem will find much to inter-  
est and instruct in Senator Newland's  
speech.

After all, it is principally insecurities  
that are wobbly in the markets now.

"Pushing" the Taft Boom.

The Taft Literary Bureau is rapidly  
earning the fame which arises from feel-  
ings of amazement and disgust. It is  
hounding the Roosevelt candidate with a  
boomerang. Its output clogs the mails  
and swells wastebaskets. Protesters are  
beginning to be heard. Uncomplimentary  
epithets—"silly," "damaging," "fool  
friends," "mismanagement of the Taft  
campaign"—are heating the atmosphere.  
What is the offending cause of this ex-  
traordinary agitation?

Well, in the first place, they are send-  
ing out Taft post cards. They are print-  
ing, in colors, and had taste. One of  
them portrays Taft as a "presiden-  
tial baby" in process of transmission  
from elsewhere to nowhere. The por-  
trayage of the unpromising infant is dis-  
creetly veiled in mystery. Another card  
plays up big "a groggy-looking dude,  
weighing about 200 pounds, and wearing  
a brown frock coat, sky-blue trousers,  
and white spats." A Republican ele-  
phant, spurred on by a cowboy, plainly  
labeled "T. R.," is thrusting the dude  
forward into public notice. And the  
meaning of it all is that the dude is a  
good thing that should be pushed along.  
The other post cards beggar description,  
as we say when the worst has yet to  
be told.

But the crowning achievement, the last  
gasp of Literary Bureau genius, is a  
folder, entitled "Who Taft Is." Don't  
you know who Taft is? Then write to  
the Taft boomers, at Columbus, Ohio,  
and learn something to your advantage.  
They haven't seen the joke yet.

Well, what is there especially novel in  
the statement that "Mr. Roosevelt tires  
his body guards"? The latter's circum-  
stances compared with the way he makes  
Dr. Long and Mr. Harriman tired.

Newspaper Integrity.

The Augusta Chronicle administers a  
well-merited rebuke to an irate subscrib-  
er who protests, in a communication, that  
recent cotton market reports, being rather  
"bearish," should have been suppressed  
by that newspaper, rather than printed,  
and, perhaps, made a factor tending to  
produce further decline in the price of  
the fleecy staple. "If you cannot say  
anything good, the conditions might be  
better if you keep your mouth shut,"  
says this correspondent, not over politely,  
but, certainly, emphatically.

Commenting upon this, the Chronicle  
says:  
"The complaint is worthy of notice only because  
it betrays a sentiment which exists altogether too  
largely in the South, and which, if followed to its  
logical conclusion, would put a premium on decep-  
tion and dishonesty."  
"We are not entirely clear as to what the writer's  
exact grievance is, unless it be that the Chronicle's  
market reports and cotton gossip have had a 'bear-  
ish' tinge of late. This, as any sensible man un-  
derstands, was due entirely to an effort to print the  
news as it is—and not as we would like it to be."  
"We could have very little confidence in a market  
page that is 'colored' to please the people. More-  
over, we could not value the advice of the editor  
who is willing to cry 'ho!' or predict an 'inevitable  
rise in price' merely because he thinks the farmers  
want to hear it. He is, obviously, a false friend,  
a false friend, and the man is dull, indeed, who  
cannot see him in his true colors."

It is hard to see how any newspaper  
of intelligence and integrity—and the  
Chronicle is both—could view the matter  
in any other light. The duty of such a  
newspaper is clear, and we are glad to  
know, scrupulously performed. Surely a  
paper that printed a market page filled  
with "dope" for its readers' delectation  
could not expect to have a clientele of  
much consequence. The fact that a news-  
paper may be always to tell good  
news—and it is by far the more pre-  
ferable thing to do—does not relieve it of  
its responsibility for making known the  
bad as well.

There are, unhappily, too many papers  
that seek only the pleasing thing to say—  
or, rather, the popular thing to say—as  
it is now. Flattering those in power,  
standing pat, letting well enough alone,  
suaity and smoothness—these are the  
 earmarks of the insincere. The news-  
paper worth while is the paper that con-  
tents itself with heralding the simple,  
honest truth about men and things—with-  
out brass-band accessories or "colorings"  
of any kind.

We cannot see why a newspaper should  
desire anything more than intelligence  
and integrity as watchwords. No paper  
founded upon such a worthy name, no  
paper founded upon more is possible.

The Cleveland Leader claims that Senator  
Foraker is for Burton for mayor.  
Doubtless the Senator gave the fight up  
as hopeless when he discovered that Mr.  
Roosevelt was out in an endorsement of  
baked 'possum.

A Few Words on Blue Laws.

Our esteemed and incredulous contem-  
porary, the Kansas City Star—incred-  
ulous even though located on Missouri's  
very edge—recently entertained its read-  
ers with an article on the old blue laws  
which were enacted to regulate early  
residents of New England, and which, by  
some, perhaps, prejudiced persons, are  
said to be responsible for certain alleged  
characteristics of the people of that sec-  
tion to-day. According to the Star—and  
we accept the statement unreservedly,  
being possessed in no degree, so far as  
it, per se, is concerned, of that Missouri  
trait to which we have delicately referred  
—New Englanders in the time of these  
laws were prohibited, under some condi-  
tion or another, from doing any of these  
things:

Smoking tobacco.  
Cursing folks.  
Kissing one's wife publicly.  
Sailing a boat.  
Washing clothes.  
Writing business letters.  
Shooting fowls.  
Driving cows.  
Carrying a gun on a mill.  
Somehow, we are not impressed, on this  
showing, with the idea evidently sought  
to be conveyed by the Star writer, that  
life was necessarily such a burden in  
primitive New England. True, we con-  
fess, we get rather more enjoyment out  
of our perfects on Sunday than any  
other day, and would undoubtedly start  
something if Congress or a lesser legis-  
lative body attempted to interfere. There-  
fore, we could be easily convinced that  
the smoker who dwelt anywhere within  
marching distance of Plymouth Rock long  
ago, would have been in

distinctly hard lines if compelled to go  
absolutely tobaccoless on the Sabbath.  
We find on pursuing the subject, how-  
ever, that it was only necessary for him  
to travel from two to ten miles away  
from the nearest meetinghouse in order  
to woo My Lady Nicotine to his heart's  
content; and what we ask, is the fatigue  
of walking that far if at the end of the  
journey one may smoke?

As to being forbidden to catch eels on  
Sunday, we see no hardship in that. We  
haven't the faintest desire to catch eels  
on Sunday or any other day. We do not  
like to catch eels, and we do not like  
eels—slimy, wriggly, slippery, elusive  
creatures that they are. So far as eels  
are concerned, we are somewhat in the  
position of the man who didn't care for  
splaach and was glad of it, because, if  
he did, he would eat it, and he hated it.  
Once we sailed and rowed a boat and  
fished from it a whole Sunday, and  
caught nothing but one eel, so that even  
yet we feel rather strongly about both  
eels and Sunday sailing. We'd rather  
play golf or go to church—as we ought—  
any day.

Furthermore, we consider it had taste  
for one to kiss one's wife in public at  
any time, and we are not cast down by  
the awful fate of the Standishes and  
Aldens in this connection any more than  
by their enforced righteousness in the  
matter of boats and eels. And so far as  
are concerned the washing of clothes, and  
the other prohibited occupations, who on  
earth, being sane, would wish to engage  
in any of them, Sunday or any other  
time? Send your clothes to the laundress,  
say we; have your letters written by a  
week-day stenographer, and shoot your  
Saturday evening, after you have  
come home from market with the vege-  
tables and other fixings for the Sunday  
dinner. Or, better still, guillotine the  
bird. It's cheaper and safer.

As for driving cows, raking hay, or  
carrying a gun on a mill, it makes us  
tired even to think of such things. So,  
on the whole, it is impossible for us to  
see where the blue laws hurt any one.  
We know of some that do more harm to  
mankind right now, as the saying goes.

The Chattanooga Star thinks that the  
news-papers will keep on until they have  
made John Temple Graves' salary \$100,000  
per annum. Well, you ought not to  
blame them, most folks get mixed up and  
fall to discriminate when salaries rep-  
resented by five figures are under discus-  
sion. They are approximately incompre-  
hensible.

Mr. Taft is reported to have stood that  
horseback trip into the mountains of  
Luzon splendidly. As nothing is said of  
the horses, we presume he didn't even  
live to tell the tale.

Mr. John D. Cummings demands "a  
silent Roosevelt." Doubtless Mr. Cum-  
mings cried for the moon when he was  
a baby.

"Why do women try to speak a para-  
graph the length of half a column with-  
out taking a breath?" asks the New  
York Mail. Why, "because," of course!

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is now at large  
hunting jokes. It gives us fenshish delight  
to inform him that Texas produces the  
biggest jokes of the land, the city of  
Houston being its blue-ribbon offering.

Perhaps Mr. Nicholas Longworth, of  
Cincinnati, imagines his acquaintance  
Over-the-Rhine qualifies him for the Ger-  
man Ambassadorship.

Mr. William Howard Taft probably will  
awake some day to find himself possessed  
of the finest and most notable collection  
of friends—who didn't know it—was loaded  
ever gathered together in this country.

It is darkly hinted that Austrian swell-  
dome may make it unpleasant for Miss  
Gladys Vanderbilt when she shall have  
become the Countess Whiteavertskit, be-  
cause she cannot show sixteen genera-  
tions of noble ancestry. But think of  
the money-soaked condition of the gen-  
erations she can show!

It is distressing to learn that King  
Alfonso's health is not good. There is no  
one in the king business we like better  
than Alfonso.

Of course, Montgomery is trying to look  
as pleasant as possible, but it is the next  
town on the schedule—and the returns  
from Birmingham make dry reading.

"There is always room for one more  
kiss upon my lips," sings an Alabama  
poetess. This lady is evidently a sort  
of omnibuser.

"Trial marriages" flourish among the  
Esquimos. It has also been discovered that  
cannibalism is sometimes practiced among  
them, too. Cheerful sort of people, those  
Esquimos.

Now that Birmingham, Ala., is to be-  
come a Sahara, those people who persist  
in calling it "Birmingham" may have  
some excuse for it.

"The average man of this nation," says  
the President in his Thanksgiving Day  
proclamation. There it goes again; Mr.  
Taft has just been lecturing on "The  
Average Man."

The Earl and Countess of Yarmouth  
have about agreed to disagree, so the  
cables say. Will none of our interna-  
tional marriages stay put?

Oh, well, let the price of cranberries  
soar! If the average citizen can only  
manage to get the turkey, he will cheer-  
fully do without the sauce this year.

Don't forget to take in your front gate  
to-night; also, gag the door bell.

Mr. William J. Bryan is to dedicate  
New Haven's new public drinking foun-  
tain. Why doesn't some kind-hearted  
person procure Mr. Fairbanks an assign-  
ment like that? It might help some,  
right now.

There is one pleasant thought in con-  
nection with air ships; as a rule they  
will not butt into anything more than  
one another.

Mr. John Sharp Williams says he will  
study one entire year seeking to fit him-  
self for the Senate. Even at that, how-  
ever, the odds are seven to one that he  
will not think to have all the buttons  
sewn on his vest.

We love this country as well as any-  
body, but we believe we could survive  
it if some one should discover and put  
in execution a way to wipe Breathitt  
County, Kentucky, from the map.

Next year will have one day more than  
this year, but unless it happens to be a  
pay day, what shall it profit us?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

PROGRESS.  
The sail supplants the paddle, and steam  
supplants the sail.  
The coach drives out the saddle, and the  
fades before the rail.  
The sentimental man to mourn this state  
inclined.  
But why so? All things must go to where  
the woodbine twined.

Where once there pilled a schooner, now  
prows a mighty ship,  
Which makes the run much sooner, and  
gives a safer trip.  
The sentimental man o'er such conditions  
plined;  
A waste of woe—all things must go to  
where the woodbine twined.

The Real Thing.  
"That villain you have put up a fine  
representation of heartlessness."  
"Funk, very punk. If you want to see  
a perfect representation of heartlessness,  
come around some time and watch our  
manager refusing to stand for a mid-  
week touch."

The Western Way.  
"Eighteen hundred men in line! What's  
this, a run on the bank?"  
"Naw, naw. Them's farmers who want  
to deposit money."

Advice to the Anxious.  
Should one remove the gloves when at  
a card party?  
Tootzy.  
This is a question requiring serious de-  
liberation and one not to be answered  
offhand. After serious deliberation we  
would state that, in removing the gloves,  
to remove the gloves is a serious offense  
at any time, except when retiring or  
when taking a bath. Gloves should be  
worn at the card table. We think they  
may be safely removed, however, when  
dressing.

A Fall Combination.  
Woman likes a contrast bold,  
Pretty dear, for hers;  
Has a quirk for openwork  
Coupled up with furs.

Her Method.  
"Do you believe in the power of sug-  
gestion?"  
"I certainly do. If I suggest oysters  
often enough, Charley usually invites me  
to have some."

Proper for Once.  
"It's fierce."  
"John, I told you not to use that word  
in my store."  
"But, dad, I'm talking about the com-  
petition."

A Winter's Tale.  
"I have an idea for a drama of heart  
interest."  
"What would you call it?"  
"The Faithless Tailor; or, Disappointed  
About a Pair of Lavender Pants."

TAMPERING WITH TRIFLES.  
From the Houston Post.  
THE GLADDEST TIME.  
What's the gladdest time of year?  
Dorothy in Texas. Don't ask me!  
This here time that's here right now  
Is as glad as it can be;  
Yesterday was mighty glad;  
An' last summer, winter, spring  
As glad as they could be,  
Layin' over everything.

Texas cotton in my bed,  
Texas cotton in my spread,  
Texas skies up overhead,  
Texas all about me,  
When I lay down to sleep  
Texas breezes softly sweep,  
Perfumes all my visions steep  
When the lights are out.

What's the gladdest time of year?  
There's no gladder time  
Than just when the mornin' sun  
Starts its daily climb,  
An' makes diamonds of the dew  
On the leaves of the garden,  
Of each bud, an' crown each bloom  
With a diadem.

Mornin' when the babies wake,<  
When the babies are awake,  
An' the ripples on the lake  
Twinkle near an' far;  
When the babies, ever alight,  
In their trillin' gowns an' white,  
Romp to you out of the night  
Sweet as angels are.

What's the gladdest time of year  
In Old Texas? Say,  
Have you ever stood an' looked  
At the Texas sea?  
Or fished Red Fish Reef at all,  
Any time of year,  
Or I guess the gladdest time  
Is the time you're here.

Unless you are far away  
From her mountains, plains and bay,  
Then I've heard some people say—  
Longin' in the gloam—  
That their gladdest time 'ud be,  
'ud be as it be for me,  
When home-planted vine an' tree  
Seen 'em gittin' home.

A Real Expert.  
"You're wrong; I happen to know that  
he doesn't know the least thing about  
an auto."  
"I mean he's never been hit by one."

Proof.  
Living expenses suit go up,  
And so do up more and more;  
We owe more people this year than  
We did the year before.

Drawing the Line.  
I might sometimes o'er war's red field  
Carry on, or sit where some stout pug  
Hands out a punch that's mortal.

But I vow now; Thanksgiving Day  
I will do like I oughter,  
And stay away from football games;  
I'm not so fond of slaughter.

An Elementary Need.  
From the Boston Transcript.  
We are inclined to the opinion that if  
the government were to enter upon the  
gratuitous distribution of some elemen-  
tary works on political economy, and  
manuals of civics prepared for the use of  
high schools, it would indulge in the form  
of Federal co-operation most needed at  
the present time.

Gold and Corn.  
From the Omaha Bee.  
The total gold production of the United  
States in 1906, according to figures just  
issued by the director of the mint, was  
valued at \$94,372,500, or just a little less  
than Nebraska's corn crop for the same  
year.

More Roosevelt Luck.  
From the Philadelphia Record.  
President Roosevelt could hardly have  
anticipated such good luck as to have  
incurred the animosity of the Philadel-  
phia machine and its garrulous tool in  
the office of mayor.

THE VOICES.  
I heard the voice of the city  
Calling and again;  
And into her arms I was hastened,  
Millions and millions of men.

And I heard the voice of old gardens,  
Of quiet woodland ways;  
But few hearts there were who would heed them  
In the rush of the busy days.

The cities grow old and vanish,  
And their people faint and die;  
But the grasses are green forever,  
Forever blue is the sky.

—Metropolitan Magazine.

MEN AND THINGS.

Tragedies at the Golden Gate.  
The bottom of San Francisco Bay must  
present a melancholy sight. A diver re-  
cently told of going down to examine the  
steamer City of Chester, which was run  
into some years ago near the mouth of  
the harbor, and sunk with all on board.  
The diver went down to the sunken hull  
with a stout heart and a mind unclouded  
by the tragedies of the sea, but when he  
came across two sisters of charity,  
drowned as they lay in their berths, and  
near by, the body of a man on his knees,  
swaying back and forth with the motion  
of the tide, the whole scene showing  
through the dim light of an electric lamp  
shining through the water, his heart  
faded him, and he gave the signal to be  
brought up. Many other noble vessels lie  
at the Golden Gate. There lies the San  
Rafael, which went down in 1891, and  
the bottom in collision with another  
steamer in a dense fog. There, too, lies  
caught in the seaweed, the City of Rio  
Janeiro, the Escamilla, the May Flint,  
and the Calhoun. This last, a pilot  
boat, sunk in a blinding fog. True, the  
bottom of San Francisco Bay is paved  
with bitter memories.

Tail Congressmen.  
The coming Congress will contain three  
men who will contest for the honor of  
being proclaimed the tallest member.  
They are Sulloway, of New Hampshire;  
Barclay, of Pennsylvania, and Anthony,  
of Kansas. Sulloway and Barclay were  
rivals in the last House. The former has  
a height of six feet, six inches, but he  
is round shouldered and is topped by  
Barclay with his six feet, three inches.  
Anthony is six feet, four inches. The  
friends of Sulloway have been urging  
him to take exercise so as to retain an  
erect carriage. If he should succeed,  
he would be a towering figure in the next  
Congress.

The Longest Year.  
The longest year on record was the  
year 46 B. C. This year had 455 days  
because Julius Caesar ordered that it  
should throughout the Roman sphere of  
influence. To clear away all the confu-  
sion which had previously existed in re-  
conciling the lunar with the solar year,  
Julius Caesar, with the help of Sose-  
genes, an Alexandrian astronomer, under-  
took a thorough reform of the calendar.  
He effected it by adding a day more  
called 46 B. C., "the year of confusion,"  
consist of 445 days and the succeeding  
year of 365 days, with the exception of  
every fourth year, which was to contain  
366 days. Thus was established the Julian  
calendar as we know it to-day.

Manila Cemeteries.  
Real burial grounds have been estab-  
lished in Manila in place of those  
cemetaries which were described by Mr.  
Taft as places where "the dead are filed  
for future reference." They were all  
vaults like those in New Orleans, where  
the swamps of the ground made burial  
in usual form impossible. The prin-  
ciple cemetery used to be that of  
Paco. It was round and was ornamented  
with a terrace and balustrade above the  
vaults. The wall containing the "pigeon-  
holes" was about eight feet thick. This  
cemetery was built in 1850, and until the  
typhoon of September 20, 1905, was not  
an unattractive place. The faces of the  
walls were ornamented with many col-  
umns, and the inner alleys were filled  
with beautiful trees. There were "pigeon-  
holes" for 125,000 bodies, that rotation in  
office had to be followed if the cemetery  
were to be used for every one. Rotation  
was secured by a system of renting the  
niches instead of selling them outright.  
The fee varied from \$3 for a child to \$20  
for an adult, the rent to be paid in ad-  
vance every five years. The cemetery  
provided the funds which supported the  
chaplain and also paid the other ex-  
penses of the place. If at the end of any  
five-year period the rent was not forth-  
coming, the bones were at once ejected  
to make room for a more profitable oc-  
cupant. Thus accumulated a pile of  
bones back of the outer wall, and visitors  
used to take photographs of the graw-  
some pile. Since the American occupa-  
tion, these bones have been buried. Out-  
side of La Loma are real burying grounds,  
dead being interred in the higher ground  
of that locality. It is a favorite burying  
place with the Chinese, who like a sloping  
hillside and who cover their graves with  
well laid thicknesses of cement.

Fruit in Alaska.  
One does not think of watermelons as  
being possible in Alaska, but the Fair-  
banks Times tells of some home-grown  
watermelons that were grown on the  
ranch of a Mr. P. J. Richter. Mr. Richter  
has two large hothouses, each 20 by 120  
feet, besides many hotbeds. During the  
early part of the season the hothouses  
were given over to the growing of lettuce,  
beets, radishes, and other vegetables.  
Then they were used to grow cucumbers,  
muskmelons, watermelons, and other  
plants and flowers. From twenty-five to  
thirty pounds of tomatoes are marketed  
from them every day. In his fields, Mr.  
Richter has 10,000 cabbage plants  
growing, and from these he sells daily  
whatever the market needs. The straw-  
berries grown on Mr. Richter's ranch did  
not do well this season, but the enter-  
prising fruit-grower's nose engaged in  
clearing ten acres of dry, sandy soil, on  
which he hopes to raise both strawberries  
and potatoes. A movement is on foot to  
make in the various kinds of  
fruit and vegetables, and the Fairbanks  
an exhibit which may be carried about  
the country, to be seen by many people  
who thus may be convinced that Alaska  
is something more than a land of ice and  
snow.

The Battle of Masoller.  
In the republic of Uruguay, September  
1, was the anniversary of the battle of  
Masoller, which ended the revolution  
of 1841, which cost the life of Gen.  
Amarillo Saravia, the leader of the  
rebels. The newspapers of Montevideo  
announced that on September 1, the date  
of his death, a service would be held at  
the Church of Las Mercedes, and after  
this a public meeting, at which orators  
would eulogize the famous "candillo" of  
the Nationalists, the revolutionary party.  
The president of the republic gave the  
occasion a great example of political  
wisdom, and of his desire to lessen the  
too keen feeling existing between the two  
parties, Colorado and Nationalists. He  
issued a proclamation by which he or-  
dered to be suspended all public amuse-  
ments on the "fratricidal anniversary"  
of the battle of Masoller.

Automobile Symphony.  
Joseph Tracy, winner of the Vanderbilt  
Cup, expert motor engineer and one of  
the fastest and nerviest automobile  
drivers in America, is at the same time  
one of the sanest and most careful of  
drivers. To this fact he has owed his  
life on more than one occasion. Says  
Mr. Tracy: "Unfortunately there are too  
many automobilists, both amateur and  
professional, who habitually run risks  
rather than endure trifling delays, and  
who consider it beneath their dignity, as  
self-styled experts, to take the safest  
course when in doubt. Although the au-  
tomobile, when handled, as it should be,  
is most unlikely to be dangerous, when  
recklessly handled, it is capable of  
causing more damage to itself, making  
the owner go down deeper into his  
pocket, and of causing more trouble gen-  
erally than any other type of passenger  
vehicle. It is, in a way, like the violin,  
when played with skill, yields the most  
delightful music, but when sawed by a  
novice, can produce the most excruciating  
noise."

THE OPTIMIST.

In enrolling oneself under the banner  
of optimism, one finds himself directly  
under the leadership of Jesus Christ,  
who was the greatest optimist, though  
there had been optimists before him.  
Plato was the high priest of optimism,  
and it was the virtues in him, which we  
have since learned to call Christian,  
which made him so. Aurelius was an op-  
timist, and so was Emerson, and  
these were men of simple life, and the  
lesson we may derive from what